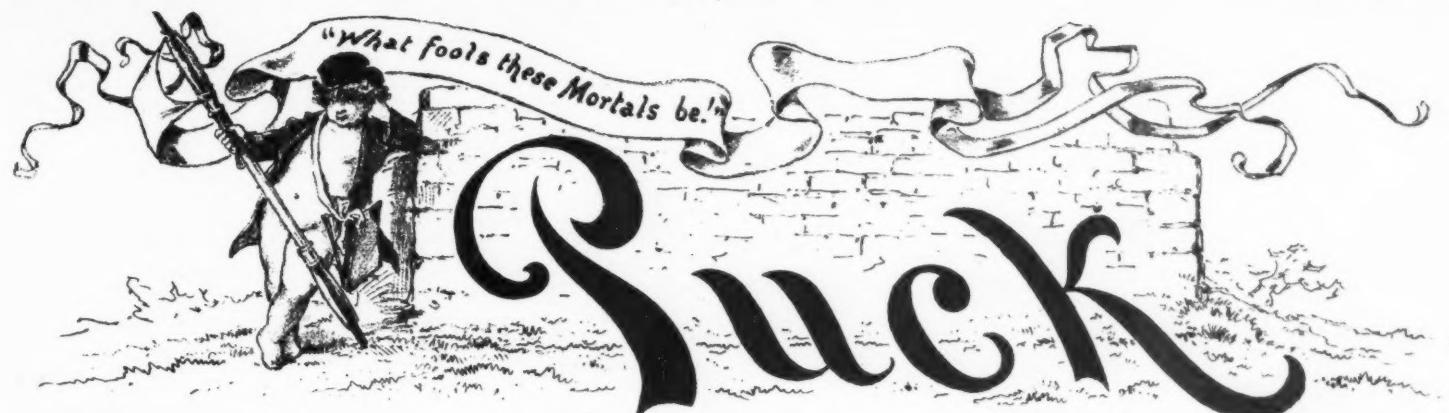


Mr. Ottley

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2.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILED AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



THE LITTLE REPUBLICAN LORD FAUNTLEROY.  
He is going to try to please and reconcile everybody, bless his little heart!



**PUCK,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of *Puck* is \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor, H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, March 6th, 1889.—No. 626.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"IT IS A LONESOME THING to be President," General Harrison is said to have remarked, recently, out of the depths of a four months' acquaintance with office-seekers and practical politicians. It is, General, it is. It is one of the lonesomest things in the wide world—lonesome if you don't invite your party to share the office with you—lonesomer still if you do: for there is no solitude like solitude in a crowd. Your immediate predecessor can tell you how lonesome it is for a man who tries to be President on the platform on which the people elected him, and to serve the country without regard to narrow partisan considerations. Many of his predecessors could have told you of the lonesomeness which comes over a man when he finds he has been elected to the highest office in the land not to administer it according to the dictates of his conscience and in accordance with his publicly-made pledges, but to act as Quartermaster-General, disbursing offices for the benefit of an organization which values him personally only for his submission and docility.

You are not likely to follow the example of your predecessor. He was elected as the champion of two great principles: first, the administration of public office for the benefit of the public, rather than for the support of professional politicians; second, the reduction of an unfair and burdensome taxation. When he came to set about the work he was sent to Washington to do, he found that his party—or, at least, the active managers of his party—cared nothing for the first of these principles, and not enough for the second to back up their belief frankly and fearlessly. He made a brave fight for these principles, for he believed in them; but he found out the lonesomeness of a President who tries to talk about principle when most of the people around him want to talk about place. We have no fear that you will fall into any such painful error. We sincerely trust that you understand that any principles which may have been mentioned in the course of your canvass for the presidency



A REASONABLE ASSUMPTION.

FIRST GENTLEMANLY STRANGER (*on crowded Pullman car*).—Is this camp-stool yours, sir?  
SECOND G. S. (*dubiously*).—It ought to be, sir. It cost me twenty-five cents to get it of the porter, and he has n't brought any change back yet. You can sit down on it, though, while I stand up for a rest.

were purely pre-election principles, and have nothing to do with the practical course which you are expected to follow for the next four years.

\* \* \* \* \* But even if you have no such illusory and old-fashioned notions about political principles, General Harrison, we fear that there is lonesomeness in store for you—that a cold and gloomy lonesomeness awaits you when you have to face the fact that if you assert and maintain your independence you will be the most unpopular, if you give up your independence, the most insignificant man in your party organization. You think, perhaps, that you have met the emergency and made your choice. But inaugural deliverances and the choice of a cabinet do not settle the question, or make an end of the matter. The fight that lies before you will test your manhood for months—for four years, indeed, if your manhood is of the sort that will hold out so long. And at the end of four years you would leave a legacy of strife to your successor. We think you will hardly care to undertake such a combat. It has proved heavy work for a man far more earnest in the cause than we can believe you to be.

\* \* \* \* \* We say this in no spirit of partisan disparagement. You were not elected to do the work which was assigned to Mr. Cleveland by those who held the balance of power, and who turned the election of 1884 in his favor. In fact, it was understood among those who nominated you, and who in great part procured your election, that you should undo the work he had, in whole or in part, accomplished. When you come to a direct and full knowledge of that work, we think you will be most unwilling to undo it. It is our firm belief that you will see its value—its necessity, indeed—and, so far as you personally are concerned, you will be more than willing to take it up where Mr. Cleveland left it, and do what you can to carry it to a successful conclusion. If we do not think that you will be allowed to consult your own wishes in this matter, it is because you were elected by your party and for your party, instead of by the people and for the people; and we fear that the machinery that was strong enough to make you President will be strong enough to guide your course now that you are President. If we are wrong in this assumption, we shall be thoroughly satisfied—and most of your advisers will be thoroughly dissatisfied. Of one thing we are sure—whatever you may say or do during the next four years, you will be in your heart of hearts a civil-service reformer—ay, and a tariff-reformer, too—by the time you have finished the lesson of practical government which you are about to learn.

Just at present the country is undergoing a very severe attack of Little Lord Fauntleroy. Little Lord Fauntleroy is not a real person, however, but the hero of a story and a play by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. He is represented as a very nice little boy who wishes everybody to love everybody else, and who reconciles his cross old grandfather, the Earl of Dorincourt, to his mother, the lovely but undowered widow of the Earl's youngest son. So ideal is the character of this little lad, who sees no evil in any one and whose trustful innocence brings out the best qualities of all with whom he comes in contact, that many mothers now attire their sons in garments similar to those worn by Cedric, the lad in question, possibly with the hope that the fashion of the clothing may in some manner affect the natures of the wearers. The "Trade," with cheerful alacrity has sprung to meet the demand, and we can now purchase at reasonable rates and in any quantities, Little Lord Fauntleroy suits, Little Lord Fauntleroy collars, Little Lord Fauntleroy sleds, and Little Lord Fauntleroy base-ball bats.

\* \* \* \* \* Can it be, Mr. Harrison, that the prevalent craze has gained a hold upon you, and that, emulating the example of the preternaturally good little hero of the story-book and the play, you desire to appear as the Little Lord Fauntleroy of Politics? You have very recently become an active member of a family which is by no means at one with itself—but, without wishing to discourage your efforts, we fear that something more than persistent sweetness of disposition and attributing to others the qualities which they ought to have is required for your success. Your difficulty seems to lie in the fact that you are the only member of the company who is acting the little comedy—and what if your leading support refuses to play the Earl of Dorincourt? To alter the example, *you* may be willing to be the sheep, but unless Mr. Blaine consents to be the wolves, the performance can never go on.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

AMERICAN TOURIST (*in Ireland*).—And so you are going to leave your farm, Patrick?

NATIVE.—Yis, begob. It's an Oirish patriot Oi om, an' Oi'll not shtay here.

AMERICAN TOURIST.—But what can you do? Raise an army, and start a rebellion?

NATIVE.—Niver you moind. Oi'll fix the whole lot av yez. Oi'm goin' to Ameriky. An' Oi'll be afther becomin' a citizen av Ameriky, so yez can't hurrut me; an' thin, be jabers, Oi'll attind ivery sympathizing that's held there, an' make spaches at ivery wan av thim, loik all the rist av the patriots.



## ÆONS AGO.

(A Sesquipedalian Retrospective Reverie, by a Boston Maiden.)

Oh! I oft cogitate on the  
mystical past,  
Æons of ages ago,  
When cohesion of molecules  
first began  
In terrestrial caverns below.  
Yes, I oft speculate how the  
heulandite grew,  
In its tetrahedronal way,  
Enclosed in its amygdaloidal home,  
In that antediluvian day.

Oh! the great pachydermatous Dinothereums roamed,  
Though hypostatically unknown to me,  
In those hyperborean regions of cold,  
By the paleocrylic sea.  
But by some sudden glacial cataclysmatic change,  
Oh! the whole Brobdingnaggian troop  
Were irrevocably buried in Cenozoic drift,  
And irretrievably lost "In the soup."

Geo. W. Hale.

## AMERICAN SCOTCH DIALECT.

The magazines are still regaling their readers with American-Scotch dialect, and it is encouraging to note the progress and originality displayed by some American poets in handling the breezy patois of Bonny Scotland. Of course, Bob Burns and Walter Scott did the best they could with their limited knowledge of the subject, and gave the world "the best they had in the shop," in the way of Scotch dialect; but since their day, great progress had been made in writing this dialect; and Americans point with pride to the prominence of their own writers in this sort of thing, especially in the composition of Scotch poetry.

R. L. Stevenson writes pretty fair Scotch dialect for a Scotchman; and a longer residence in America may enable him to approach finally the exquisite perfection of the American versifiers in turning out this



## JUST BEFORE DINNER.

UNCLE TOBIAS.—I've perked up all I can, Lou:  
How do I look?

NIECE LOU.—Beautiful, Uncle, but would n't you  
like to use this?

UNCLE TOBIAS.—Land alive, child! I ain't played  
a tune on one o' them fer years. But 'f you'll git a sheet  
o' thin paper, I'll see 'f I kin blow out th' Arkansaw  
Trav'ler.

Parnassian product. Of course, the Scotch love their own dialect as they talk it at home; but they can hardly recognize their old homespun speech when they behold it refined and perfected by their American cousins, laden as it is with modern improvements, and sand-papered into perfect smoothness. The old-time Scotch dialect was a crude and elementary affair. How much more delightful is our own brand of the article, strengthened with the bracing vernacular of the New England farmer, and seasoned with the rich, gainy flavor of the negro dialect of the Southern plantations!

J. A. M.

## A CORRECT JUDGEMENT.

MRS. ONTWIT.—Dear me, John, how provoking you are, turning over to the funny column of your paper the first thing! Why did n't you read me that news with the head-lines six inches long?

ONTWIT.—Don't care to, my dear. It must be something extremely horrible, or they would n't take pains to make it so prominent.



## IN THE CLUB.

PASSIN.—By the way, Fursnite; how did Buskin's new Melodrama go last night? Of course you were there.

FURSNITE.—Oh, it was great! At the end of the second act half of the audience was crying.

PASSIN.—You don't say! Because the play or the acting was so powerful?

FURSNITE.—Neither; because they could n't get their money back.

## A RULE OF THREE.

OLD COTTON THREADS (*of THREADS & TWIST*).—You seem to have a rather odd taste in dress, Mr. Clarke. There are three different figures in your suit.

SHIPPEN CLARKE.—Yes, sir; but there'd only be one if there were three figures in my salary.

## A COINCIDENCE.

The American speculative investor likes to "get in on the ground floor." So does the American burglar.

## A WILD ROMANCE.

There was a city full  
Of maidens mad;  
Only a month before  
They were so glad:

For a new Lord had come  
To view them o'er,  
And take his pick of them,  
With wealth galore.

Strange is the tale I tell:  
An English girl,  
Visiting one of them,  
Captured the Earl!

Aristine Anderson.



## JUST A PLAIN FELINE.



MRS. CATNIP.—Just notice how cunnin' an' cute Kitty is. She's the most knowin' cat I ever see!

## THE MODEL WIFE.

**I**F THERE IS a higher model of wifehood than that of which we learned from our chance acquaintance, then certainly the millennium will not long after-date this issue of PUCK. Our chance acquaintance came into the billiard room where another athlete and myself were engaged in a wholesome contest to see which of us would pay fifty cents for the privilege of walking around a rectangle instead of taking the street, and sat in one of those chairs with legs three feet long which are always provided by the management of billiard halls for the accommodation of bores who wish to look on at games they do not pay for. Our chance acquaintance took one of these chairs. But he did not criticise us as the occupants of these chairs generally do, but rather put forth all his powers in a criticism on himself. His first critique on his individuality, in which he informed us that he had been getting full,



## THE WRONG DOOR.

MR. DE SPARE.—You have spurned me with contempt, and when I close this portal behind me, I shall be lost to the world for-r-ever!

MISS COOLDORF, (*quietly*).—I think you will, Mr. de Spare, if you go out that way. Wolf has n't had any breakfast to-day.

Showed so much keen discernment that we thereafter listened to him as a master.

"I began to get full this morning."

"Ah," we said.

"So now I'm pretty full."

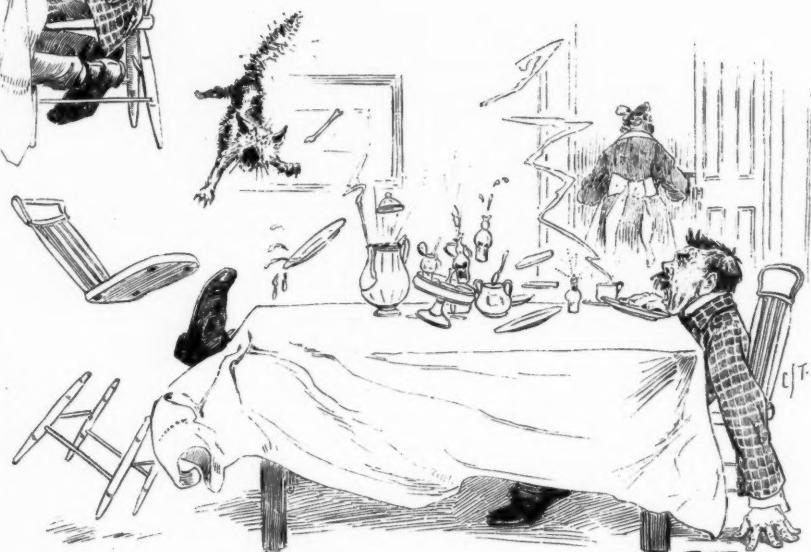
"That's business!" I think now that this was rather rude of us.

"What's the difference?" inquired our new friend.

"It's your shot," I said to my companion.

"Yes; don't let me int'rup'. He had not interrupted, but as he was not able to see as far as the table, he could not know this. "Don't let me int'rup'."

After this he sat for a time quite silent, smoking a very good cigar. The respectability of the cigar, together with the



PRINGLETON (the star boarder, as the old lady goes out for more chicken).—She does appear to be a little above the average, does n't she?

stylish dress and perfect good-nature of the confiding gentleman, made it impossible not to regard him in a friendly spirit. Besides, he was one of those people who seem on a first meeting as familiar to one as an old-time acquaintance.

"Yesterday — made something on wheat."

"Good enough."

"Always lost before."

"Hard luck."

"Always lost before. Never made a cent till yesterday. And been taking fliers all my life. Been a good thing for me if I had lost again yesterday."

"Think so?"

"Sure. Taught me good lesson."

Here he took all the conversation to himself, and continued:

"When one wins, 'nother got to loosh."

"Sad reflection. Thish morning, started out to drown my sorrow."

"What's the difference?"

"Good shot!"

"So I started out to drown my sorrow, ash saying is."

"An' I've been drinking pretty steady."

"Some men ought not to drink. Jus' think of their families!"

"Me — it's different — or I'd never touch a drop —"

"In the world. Would n't now, but I made that stuff on wheat."

"Some men go back into the bosoms of their families — break the families all up."

"But when I go home — it's different."

"Why, my wife enjoys it ash much as I do — pretty near."

"Yes, she does."

"I'm not particularly good, nor smart, and I tell everything I know, but I'm never crosser than you see me now."

"So when I go home, there's no crying and sobbing and that sort of thing."

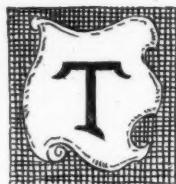
"Not a bit of it. I'm glad I ain't that kind."

"And there's no locking out and that sort of thing."

"No, sir!"

"And when I go home a little off — ha, ha, — why, friends of ours live near, and my wife callish them in, and they have some fun with me."

Williston Fish.



## THE ACCEPTED STORY.

A TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS.

## Dramatis Personæ.

NARCISSE BOULANGER	A Writer.
MRS. BOULANGER	A Widow.
MR. SPADER CHUVVEL	An Undertaker.
POSTMAN.	

## ACT. I.

(TIME, February, 1889. PLACE, New York. SCENE, a poorly furnished room downtown. Mrs. BOULANGER at wash-tub. Enter NARCISSE BOULANGER, aged twenty, her fawn-like eyes hopping gayly in their sockets.)

NARCISSE.—Oh, Mother, Mother, it's accepted, it's accepted!

MRS. BOULANGER.—What's accepted?

NARCISSE.—My story. Listen. (Reads.) "Your story entitled 'How Mary Spent St. Patrick's Day' has been accepted for the *Merry Sprite*, and a check will be sent to you on publication. With thanks for your courtesy, we are, Eds. *Merry Sprite*." Is n't it splendid? And of course they'll print it next month, because it is about St. Patrick's Day! I suppose I'll get fifty dollars for it!

MRS. BOULANGER.—Heaven be praised. We are saved! (Embraces NARCISSE.)

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

(Fifty years are supposed to have elapsed. SCENE, Interior of a hovel in 348th Street, New York. Miss NARCISSE BOULANGER, an old woman, lying on a rude cot. Enter UNDERTAKER CHUVVEL.)

UNDERTAKER.—Good morning, Miss Boulanger. You sent for me, and I am here.

NARCISSE (feeble).—Oh, you've come at last! As you see, I'm at Death's door; but too feeble to push it open, or better still—I'm too poor to pay the admission fee. (Laughs faintly.) What's your lowest price for a funeral?

UNDERTAKER (kindly).—I can't do it for less than three dollars, Ma'am.

NARCISSE (despairingly).—Alas! then I must linger on. I have but twenty-five cents.

UNDERTAKER (turning to go).—I'm sorry, Ma'm; but "business is geschäft." (Moves toward door.)

(Knock at door. Enter POSTMAN.)

POSTMAN.—Here's a letter for you, Ma'am. (Exit POSTMAN.)

NARCISSE.—Oh, wait Mr. Chuvvel, until I read this letter. It may be what I'm expecting. (UNDERTAKER comes back.)

NARCISSE (opening letter and reading).—Dear Miss Boulanger: Your story, 'How Mary Spent St. Patrick's Day' sent us some time ago, and unavoidably crowded out until now, is printed in the St. Patrick's Day issue of the *Merry Sprite*. We enclose check for \$3.00, and with thanks are, Yours truly, Eds. *Merry Sprite*. It's come at last—what there is of it. Take it, Mr. Chuvvel. Now I can afford to die. (Dies.)

UNDERTAKER (wildly).—By Heaven, she did n't endorse it! (Stabs himself—dies.)

CURTAIN.

Charles Battell Loomis.

IT WAS a superannuated humorist who gave his sheep ba-salt.

"A GOOD TONGUE is a good weapon." One of the few muzzle-loaders that have not gone out of fashion.

A MISTAKE is like a bed; when a man makes one he should not try to escape its discomforts by lying out of it.

THE TAIL-END of the squirrel, strange as it may appear, is usually just over his head.

HUNKY DORY—The Life-boat.

THE MAN who captures a member of the four hundred makes an upper-ten strike,



## A DEMORALIZING ACCIDENT.

PARK POLICEMAN.—Git back here! What's the trouble?

SMALL ATHLETE.—Please, sir, that Norwegian trick-skater's got his foot in his coat-pocket, an' he can't git it out.

## ON THE ELEVATED.

KIRBY STONE.—I'll bet that young fellow yonder is wearing his first silk hat.

JOB LOTT.—How can you tell?

KIRBY STONE.—Did n't you see how he ducked his head on entering the car?

## MATTER OF HEADS.

ABLE EDITOR.—Here's a batch of cable-testimony of a British informer against the Irish Violent Brotherhood. Head it "An Unlikely Story."

NEWS EDITOR (after glancing over it).—I should say it was a very likely story. Witness says they tried to smash his skull.

ABLE EDITOR.—No matter. If we head it "An Unlikely Story," we'll tickle the Irish and hold votes; if we head it "A Likely Story," we'll get our skulls smashed.

## THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

MRS. PEMMICKAN.—Now since I've given you something to eat, you can take this shovel and clean the snow off my sidewalk.

CHILDE VITTLES (a tramp).—Beg pardning, Ma'am; but I see that shovel was made by a non-union firm; and my sentiments regarding the dignity of labor won't permit me to handle it.

WE NEVER KNOW what money can do until we realize that one cent will take us from Brooklyn to New York.

BASKET WORK—Lugging a Hamper.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY and will prevail, because that which prevails is called truth.

KATE FIELD says the bustle is an invention of the devil. The Patent Office records show that some one got ahead of him in patenting it.

THE WAY of the transgressor is to plead "not guilty."

LIGE HALFORD does not put on airs. He whistles them.



## HARD FOR SOME, IMPOSSIBLE FOR OTHERS.

MISS SIMPERTHY.—I see by the papers that old Mr. Bullion has just lost a hundred thousand dollars. It must be very hard to lose that much money.

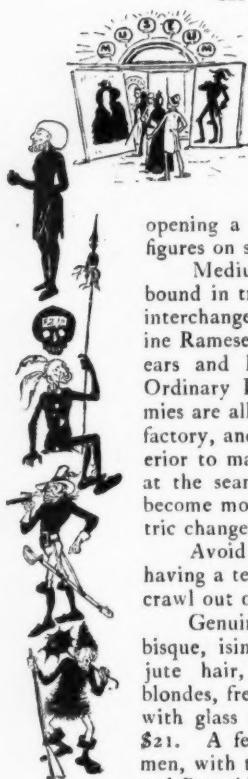
UPSON DOWNES.—Hard? I should say so! Why, it would be impossible for me to lose that much money!

## STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

THE RARE, inventive genius who informed the subjoined firm that I would cater to the amusement-loving public is altogether too rare.

He is really raw. I am not a caterer. It is my intention so to live that when the summons comes to join any intelligent community in the United States, I can do so without being compelled to skip out only three blocks ahead of an infuriated populace.

The following bit of commercial correspondence explains itself. Also some other things:



My Dear Sir:

We are pleased to learn that you contemplate opening a dime museum. Allow us to quote you a few bed-rock figures on standard goods.

Medium sized Egyptian mummies, bound in tree calf, with our own patent, interchangeable teeth, \$20 apiece. Genuine Rameses King mummy, with gelatine ears and hip-roof forehead, \$5 extra. Ordinary Pharaohs, \$22. These mummies are all hand-made, just in from our factory, and you will find them far superior to machine-made goods, which rip at the seams, season-check, peel off, or become moist and flabby in low barometric changes.

Avoid all flabby mummies, or those having a tendency to warp, curl up, and crawl out of the gunny sack.

Genuine hand-sewed mermaids, with bisque, isinglass or celluloid scales, fine jute hair, pop-eyed or slumbering, blondes, freckled or jaundiced; all sizes, with glass case, complete, from \$10 to \$21. A few choice diamond-back mermaids, with three rows of teeth, red hair, and Burnsides to match, \$15.

Parchment MSS. dug from the royal archives of the Pyramids, \$2 per quire. The hieroglyphics on this style of papyri are original, and prepared exclusively for our house by the leading short-stop of Yale College. Come direct to headquarters for your parchment MSS., and do not allow fakirs to palm off pieces of smoked flour sacks over which has dallied a moon-eyed Chinaman with a marking pot and a tooth-brush.

Indian Arrow Heads. Choice old-style Plymouth Pequots, \$3 per doz., \$20 per gross. Modern Sioux, Zuni, Chippewy, Apache, Digger or Flathead barbs, \$1 per doz., \$10 per gross. Old stone and flint arrow heads, style of A. D. 1526, \$5 per quart. We make a leading specialty of arrows and arrow heads. None genuine without our name cut in the same.

White Whales. Handsomely mounted on  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. wire, heavy canvas bodies, waterproofed. All sizes, running from ten to sixty feet in length, at the extremely low price of \$5 per lineal foot. Extra large sizes for communities where a dime looks as big as a gas-house, at the slight advance of 20 per cent.

Skulls. A mammoth line and varied assortment. Big drive in skulls, both job and broken lots. Skulls of Socrates, \$2 apiece. Prime Neros, Caligulas and Sardanapaluses, \$1.75 each. Skull of Chicago man, with hat on and broken case-knife in his teeth, \$3. We quote you skulls today subject to change:

	per doz.	\$
Capt. Kidds	" "	14.00
Lemuel Gullivers	" "	20.00
Guiteaus	" "	2.00
Shakspères (New Crop)	" "	25.00
Powhatans	" "	10.00
Montezumas	" "	15.00
Robinson Crusoes	" "	5.00

These skulls are all new, made from our patent skull paste, warranted to last in any climate. No warps, cracks, or sun blisters, and the cartilages are all fair-stitched or double-peggued throughout. Old skulls repaired, varnished, and phrenological bumps altered to suit parties deceased who were not satisfied with life development.

The above are a few, only, of the leaders among the large variety of goods handled by our house. We are constantly producing novelties,

and shall, at our Spring opening, show some attractive daggers used by Charlotte Corday, guillotines of the French Revolution, fiddles used by Nero, Napoleon snuff-boxes, moccasins worn by Pocahontas, helmets of Ponce de Leon, Queen Elizabeth hoop-skirts, tea chests dumped into Boston Harbor, Russian knouts, automaton chess players, and automaton boulders playing checkers with their noses, keyholes from the ruins of Pompeii, eyeless fishes from Mammoth Cave, and fishy eyes from Dude-dom.

Very truly yours,

SIDESHOW & CLAPTRAP.

P. S.—Ten off for cash on all goods but skulls.

Dick Steele.

## SOME OF HIS BADNESS.

Talk about chills shaking the life out of a man—it is the other way. They shake it in. Folk out here on the Eastern Shore live long enough to dry up and blow away,—three, four, even five generations under one roof.

Old Jordan Thacker, for instance; saw him to-day sitting out on the wood-pile, crying as if he'd lost his last tooth.

"What's the matter, Mr. Thacker?"

No answer—kept on blubbering; but a chipper little white-haired dame, splitting lightwood, piped out:

"He's th'owed stones at 's grandpap, and 's Paw 's done whooped him; and that's the marter o' Jordy. He's so monst'ous mischevious! Boys is too chock full o' fun, these days, fer ther own good. And that that little Buster, which is his own endurin' gran'-chile, cotched him at it, and brung the word to 's great-granny, which was mad as forty cats in a bag."

## HOPE DEFERRED.

"They will pay for my joke on publication," groaned Crabley, as he dropped the Editor's note to the floor: "Great Scott! I wanted that money for a board bill, not a tombstone!"

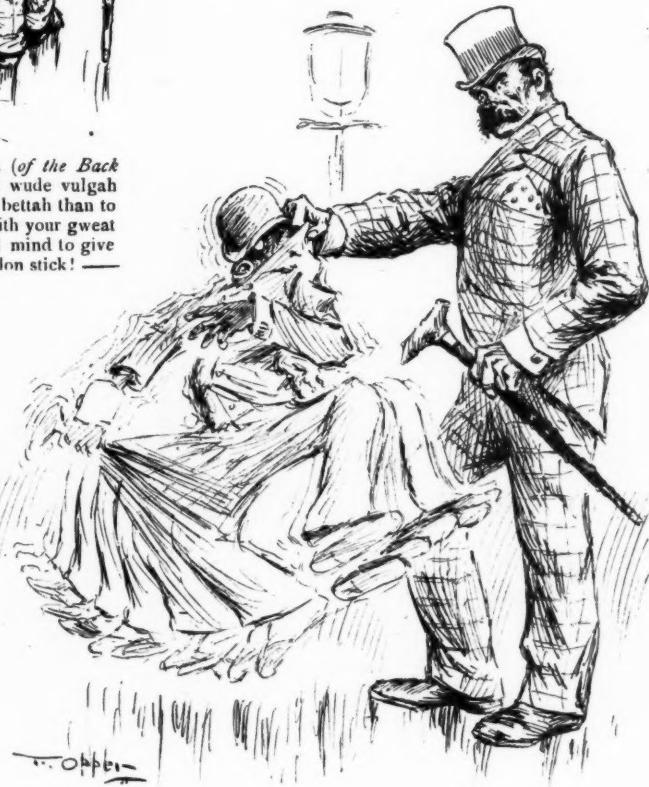
"Your money or your life," said the high-wayman.

"I don't take *Life*," said the traveler: "here's *Puck*."

"Thanks, stranger. We'd rather have that than your money."



J. THROCKMORTON AH THERE (of the Back Ear, Boston).—Say, you gweat wude vulgah scoundrel, don't you know any bettah than to splash mud ovah a gentleman, with your gweat outwageous feet? I've a good mind to give you a beating with my new London stick!



But Mr. J. Lawrence Sullivan, who had just left the neighboring police court, after paying his regular morning fine, was not feeling in quite as genial a mood as usual.

## SO WISE!



MAMA!" she said, with a little burst of girlish confidence, "what do you think? Mr. Iddyot proposed last night!"

"Ah, did he, my dear? And what did my little girl say?"

"Oh, I told him that an engagement was too solemn and sacred a thing to me to be entered into without serious and prayerful consideration; and that I would give him my answer in a week."

And now, Mama mine, we must go right to work and find out if he really and truly has fifteen thousand

a year, and a cottage at Bar Harbor."

"You dear, wise little girl," cried the fond mother, folding the child to her bosom, and weeping softly over her.

## THESE DAYS HAVE THEIR MARTYRS.

DR. SCHMERZ.—You have a very bad cold, Miss Ball. Have you exposed yourself any way?

MISS CHARITY BALL.—Yes, Doctor. I took off my fawn-colored over-gaiters because it was Lent.

DR. SCHMERZ.—H'm! Why not wear black ones?

MISS BALL.—Oh, they look so very common, Doctor!

## WOES OF POVERTY.

MRS. STATESMAN.—I don't see why you can't get a Cabinet position just as well as any one else?

MR. STATESMAN (*sadly*).—I could n't afford to subscribe but five thousand dollars to the campaign fund.

## A PRUDENT TRAVELER.

PARTRIDGE (*a drummer, in Connecticut hotel*).—Give me a room up near the roof this time, Tom.

SPARKELL (*the clerk, astonished*).—Why, you always used to want the best in the house!

PARTRIDGE.—I know it; but, in case of a blow-up, I'd rather fall on the house than have the house fall on me!

## THE TERM EXPLAINED.

AD. VANCE.—Say, waiter, did I understand you to say this is home-made mince-pie?

WAITER.—Yessuh, da's a home-made pie.

AD. VANCE.—Ah, yes, I see the joke now—it was made in the Home for the Blind.



## PLEASANTRY IN THE GARRISON GUARDS' BAND.

DRUM MAJOR COONLEY.—Umpah! D' low-down culled pusson whad put p'cussion caps in dem cymbals an' flour in dat bass drum, don't p'rade wiv dis org'nization no more!



## FOLLOWED UP.

COUNT FRANGOLETTI (*just after his proposal*).—Damma zat monk! Alla time breaka ze rope!

## HE WAS DEAD.

"You say you have lived here in Kansas for three years?"

"Yes, sir."

"During that time, how many towns have you founded?"

"None. I—"

"You have made a mistake, and got into the wrong office, my friend. The Coroner holds forth two doors East."

## NATIVE AND FOREIGN.

ROONEY.—Sure Oi can't see why I musht be a member av yure Union if Oi want to keep me job! It's only a week I've been over here, but I know this is a free countrhy,

MOONEY (*walking delegate*).—But remimber now, man, that yure an Amerikin, an' musht perfect yureself against imported pauper labor!



## TOO CONFIDENT.

JUDGE.—You are charged with stealing chickens.

UNCLE ALEK.—Yas, boss, dat's so. I did it. I can swar to dat. Jess what I did, shuah.

JUDGE.—Ten dollars and thirty days.

UNCLE ALEK.—What's dat, boss? What kind o' laws you got? When a feller turn State's ebidence, don't you lef him go free? Nebber turn State's ebidence as long as I lib. Now, you mine dat!

## HAVE N'T ANY CHARACTERS.

MANAGER.—How many characters do you say there are in your play?

AUTHOR.—I did n't say there were any. This is a French society drama.

## HIS IDEA.

I have sung their praises in prose and verse,  
And shouted them near and far,  
Of the blood they spilled and the hosts they killed,  
The boys of the G. A. R.  
And I'm free to say, at this later day,  
And will, while I've life and breath,  
That the men that they slew were but one to two  
To those that they v'e talked to death.





NET THAT SUITS THE "GREATEST LIVING STATESMAN."



## PUCK.

### THE "TICKER."

I'm the voice of the chained lightning  
First captured by Franklin's kite;  
And kites yet the brokers are flying  
To catch my message aright.

The bull and the bear and the lamb  
Gather 'round when they hear my call;  
But one by one, be it soon or late,  
Their heads in my basket fall.

### A WAIL FROM SWOPE CORNER.

**D**EAR PUCK: Why Nature has placed such a susceptible and loving disposition, and a heart that glows like the red head of a grass widow at a taffy-pulling, within the ungainly frame and in conjunction with the-face-that-would-crack-ice which I possess, will always remain to me like the square-the-circle problem — unanswered. Suffice to say, no girl, whether fat, fair and forty, or slim, sassy and sixteen, has ever lived or visited here at Swope Corner, to whom I did not make myself ridiculous in endeavoring to gain her affections.

Since the glad wild days, when Claude Duval and Dick Turpin were my literary treasures, and I loved the butcher's daughters, to these latter days of Robert Elsmere and unrequited affection, life has been to me as warty with disappointments as a bullfrog's back. And then, too, love has come to me in every grade and style; from the varioloid variety which made my young life miserable while yet I wore knee-pants, to the fierce athletic passion of the Amélie Rives and "Kiss me, Jock," description. But in every instance it was, as Bertha M. Clay remarks, "the love that was my doom;" for a soldier's widow, with eight grown boys and a pension, coldly informed me that she "was n't raising calves this year." Sallie Lunn, the baker's daughter, preferred a cattle-drover with a bottle nose and a penchant for "red-eye" whiskey. Then a cross-eyed girl I took to church, went home after service with the hired man; the postmaster's daughter threw me over for a book-agent, and so on.

After this I let the girls of Swope Corner alone, and went in for the visitors, with the same consequences. There was Miss Cecelia Bloggs, from Bean's Cove, who, while visiting her uncle old Calvin Bloggs, knock'd my eye out, (metaphorically speaking,) for eight sleighrides, nine pounds of candy, a gold ring and a silk muffler; and then returned home and married her first cousin.

There was Carrie Jinks, who visited my sister, and to whom I was, as General Banks was to Stonewall Jackson in 1862, "a base of supplies." Why, that girl was never chewing gum less than while visiting us. Yet even after writing "Doubt that the stars are fire" in my autograph album,

she refused me when I wished to make her toe the matrimonial mark, so to speak.

And even the school-ma'am from Boston, who wore specs and who used to quote Tennyson's "'T is the little rift within the flute that, slowly widening, stops the toot," went back on me, and eventually married a widower with nine children and an ear trumpet. She toots in that now.

Thus could I draw from instances of the past until the list was as long and horrifying as a car-stove casualty.

But I will not bore you with these instances that have grown mouldy in the back yard of my recollection.

Marriage has ever been an emphatic failure with me, and cruel Fate, in thus giving me no more show than a dude at a hog raffle, has driven me to desperation. It seems as if the curse of the seven Dutch Gods is upon me, and there is but one last dread resort.

Despondently, *Roy L. McCandell.*

P. S.—I have decided upon the dread resort. This night I start for Lebanon, Ohio, to join the Shakers! Thus will I crawl in the knot hole of the dim futurity, pull the knot hole in after me, and, vibrating myself into the saccharine later on, the cold world shall know me no more.

Farewell,

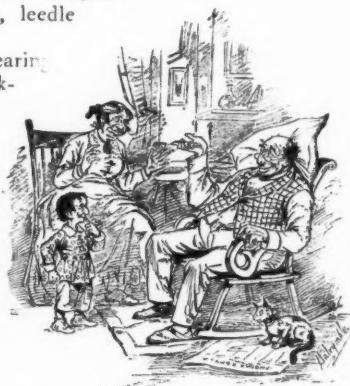
*Roy L. McC.*

### KNEW THE GOODS.

MRS. ISAACSON.—Mein tear, leedle Isaac vants von new vlannel shirt.

MR. ISAACSON.—Vell, I 'm vearying von off dem fifty-cent non-shrinkable vons, und ven id is vashed, leedle Isaac gan haf id.

THE GREATEST weather profit of this season is the money saved by young men who did n't go sleigh-riding.



IT IS RUMORED that the young lady who guessed the *World's* circulation, will supersede Greely as chief of the Weather Bureau.

WHERE THERE'S a Hill, there's a Quay.

TIME IS MONEY — with the absconding County Treasurer.



SOON OVER.

**PAT.**—Howly murder, Mickey, luk at de mad dog !  
H'ist up de lookin'-glass, an' let him go under !



**DEERHOUND.**—Come off, Whiskers ! I took the first prize for jumping at the bench show !

## AN ARTIST'S CONFESSION.



HEN THE maple puts its buds on,  
And the birds begin to sing,  
Then I paint the lovely Hudson  
Robed in dainty sprays of spring.

E'er I paint Spring smiling rosy  
On the blossoms' trembling snow,  
And although I swiftly mosey 'Round, I can not make them go.

All my work, sublime and noble,  
Somehow doth the public pass  
Swiftly as the fisher's cable  
Off the coast of Gloucester, Mass.

And I'm sad and weary very,  
Having tried to sell in vain  
All my bits of Dingman's Ferry  
And my breezy Coasts of Maine.

But I feel that I am master  
Of the situation sad —  
The prevailing porous plaster  
Has to have a pictured "ad."

And in spite of Fortune's strictures  
I, with Fate, successful cope,  
Twisting up the world's great pictures  
To extol Megargy's soap.

Oft I make bright allegories  
For McSwiggin's patent glue;  
Acrobatic picture-stories  
Shekels wring from Bromley Blue.

Sometimes down with great woe weighed  
I admit I writhe and chafe  
As I paint the airy naïad  
On the door of Coagan's Safe.

But I note my studies funny,  
Laid in mossy woodland scenes,  
On the covers bright and sunny  
Of the monthly magazines.

No one knows of my Herculean  
Rough-and-tumble making hay;  
They but know of my cerulean  
Skies that stretch so far away;

They but know my Morn at Guilford,  
In distemper painted when  
I was down last year at Milford —  
Fifty dollars, 8 x 10.

Now upstairs his way Smith's youth picks —  
Hear him, something must be done,  
For that cut to boom his toothpicks  
Is n't even yet begun.

So this pasteboard at the doorway  
I must very quickly glue:  
"Painting off the Coast of Norway,  
Back next Saturday at two."

R. K. M.

### THE MODERN NEWSPAPER.

**ABLE EDITOR** (*metropolitan daily*).—See here, sir, you were sent to the Irish Factional Society meeting last night, and brought in only twenty-five lines instead of two columns, as I told you.

**NEW REPORTER.**—There were only a few present, and nothing was done.

**ABLE EDITOR.**—No matter; we've got to make a big spread of everything Irish, or lose their subscriptions. But that isn't the worst of it. You slurried the German Schlichlshlosh the same way. Whether any one was there or not, it was your business to make a big report, to hold our German patronage. Do you understand?

**NEW REPORTER.**—Yes, sir. By the way, there is a meeting to-day of the American Patriot Association, to —

**ABLE EDITOR.**—Never mind that. Let it rip. Americans have n't spunk enough to kick at any thing, and they'll keep on subscribing any how. Go out and pick up some pleasant personals about the prominent Italian merchants who superintend peanut stands. Some of them can read.

**A POINT OF HONOR** —  
The Duelist's Aim.

**A PAPER-HANGER** —The File.

**A SIGN OF BAD WEATHER** —  
"Wipe Your Feet."

**AN UNGRAMMATICAL STATE** —  
R. I.

**THE VOICE OF THE PASTED.**—Well, I'm just so much ahead of this confounded Railroad Company!

**THE CONSTANT CHANGE** of servants gives new point to the proverb, "Every little, helps."



### PREVARICATION.

**MRS. KYDDE** (*who has made an unexpected call at the Private School*).—Why, Penrhyn! What have you got on your head?

**MISS BIRCH** (*the Principal, breaking in quietly*).—The dear little fellow is so precocious that I have to put that appliance on to keep his brain from swelling. Beautiful day, is n't it?

One or two teaspoonfuls

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with a gill of hot water,  
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swallowed at bed-time,  
will insure against sudden  
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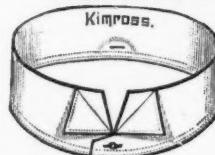
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"See here," said a big man in an angry voice, as he rushed into a cheap clothing store; "you are a swindler — a rank, unmitigated swindler, without any principle or sentiment of honesty — that's what you are."

"My vrendt, vot is de matter?" asked the merchant in a conciliating tone; "you have no right to call me dose names."

"I have n't! Look at this coat that I gave you eight dollars for. It's all pulling apart; and look at this vest, and these pants. They look like a cyclone had put 'em on to go out West in."

"Und for dot you call me swindler?"

"You bet I do."

"My vrendt, you forged von ting."

"What is that?"

"You should nefer shudge a man by his clo ding." — Merchant Traveler.

KENTUCKY is vigorously at work to establish a revised feudal system. — *Yonkers Gazette*.



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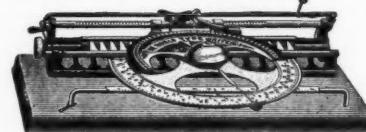
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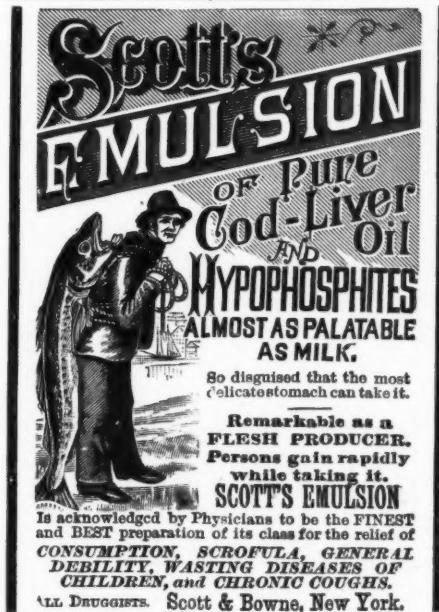
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## EASILY WON.

**FOND MOTHER** (*proudly*). — Yes, Johnnie won the reading prize in school. Come here, Johnnie, and tell Mrs. Brown how you won the prize.

**JOHNNIE**. — Oh, I took it hands down. Billy Waffles got it for readin' good; but I played marbles for it an' won it. — *Harper's Bazaar.*

The third party may be useful in politics, but it can be dispensed with in courtship. — *Boston Courier.*



## MORE BAD LUCK.

**MR. WINKS** (*looking over the paper*). — Cheap, Drugg & Co. are selling all sorts of patent medicines at half price.

**MRS. WINKS**. — Just our luck. There is n't any thing the matter with any of us. — *New York Weekly.*

BASE-BALL players are not partial to rough diamonds. — *Jeweler's Weekly.*

FALSE eyes should be made of looking glass. — *Boston Com'l Bulletin.*

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Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting. If any dealer says he has the W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES without name and price, stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKTON, MASS.

## CAUTION

If any dealer says he has the W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES without name and price, stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKTON, MASS.

405

THE GENUINE  
**Henry Clay Cigars.**

FOR SALE BY  
ALL DEALERS} THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

ALVAREZ & GONZALEZ,  
HENRY CLAY FACTORY, HAVANA, CUBA.  
FERNAND HIRSCH,  
Sole Representative for the United States.  
2 BURLING SLIP, NEW YORK.

One agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for



FREE!—A three-foot, French glass, oval-front cigar show-case To MERCHANTS ONLY. Address, R. W. TANSILL & CO., 55 State St., Chicago.

**"STAR" FOUNTAIN GOLD PEN.**



Send for circulars. Agents wanted. Fountain Holder, fitted with best quality **Gold Pen**. Style, #1; Fountain, \$1.50 and up. J. ULRICH & CO., 106 Liberty St., N. Y.

**BOKER'S BITTERS**

The Oldest and Best of All  
**STOMACH BITTERS**,  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.  
To be had in Quarts and Pints.  
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,  
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

**ITCHING PILES.**

**BURNETT'S KALLISTON.**  
**A SURE CURE.** 524

If your druggist does not keep it, send \$1.00 to JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., 27 Central Street, Boston, Mass. 25 cents additional will prepay expressage to any part of the United States.

**QUINA LAROCHE**

*The Great French Tonic.*  
A WONDERFUL COMBINATION  
OF  
**PERUVIAN BARK, IRON**  
AND  
**CATALAN WINE.**

It has been used in France for twenty-five years, and exceeds in popularity any other French preparation. It prevents Malaria, cures Malarial Fevers, tones up the system, and invigorates the life.

It is sold universally, or by

**E. FOUGERA & CO.,**  
IMPORTERS,  
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**OVERSEERS WANTED** Everywhere  
to work at home or to travel. We  
wish to employ a reliable person in your county  
to take up advertisements and show cards of  
Electric Goods. Advertisements to be taken up every-  
where, on trees, fences and turnpikes, in conspicuous  
parts of the country, in all parts of the United  
States. Steady employment; wages \$2.00 per day;  
expenses advanced; no talking about it. Look up for  
all or part of the time. ADDRESS WITH STAMP.  
**EMORY & CO.** Sixth and Vine Sts.  
CINCINNATI, O. NO ATTENTION PAID TO POSTAL CARDS.



YOU WILL SAVE MONEY,

Time, Pain, Trouble,

and will CURE

**CATARRH**

by using

Ely's Cream Balm.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

AGENTS \$75 per month and expenses  
WANTED Paid any active or honest man to sell our goods  
sample and live at home. Salary paid  
promptly and expenses in advance. Full partic-  
ulars and sample case FREE. We mean just  
what we say. Address Standard Silver-  
ware Co., Boston, Mass.

**EL TELEGRAFO**

**KEY WEST HAVANA CIGARS.**

For sale by all first-class dealers throughout the United States.

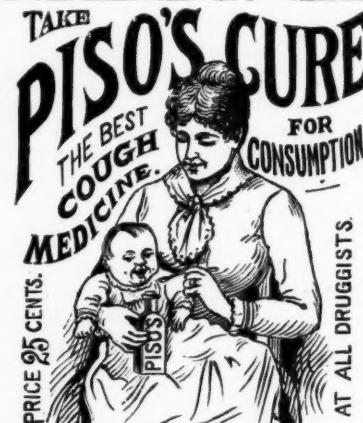
Manufactured by

**CELESTINO PALACIO & CO.,**

OFFICE, NO. 2 BURLING SLIP, NEW YORK.

MISERIES OF TRADE.—DRUGGIST (awakened at 2 a. m.)—What do you wish?

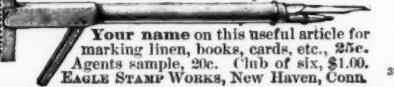
VOICE (at the door).—If you'll let me look in your directory to see how to address this letter, I'll buy the postage stamp of you.—New York Weekly.



GOOD FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

Very pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Imperial Pen and Pencil Stamp.



Your name on this useful article for marking linens, books, cards, etc., 25¢. Agents sample, 20¢. Club of six, \$1.00. EAGLE STAMP WORKS, New Haven, Conn.

DID N'T SUIT.—MOTHER.—Well, did you get that situation as office boy?

LITTLE SON.—Nope.

“What was the matter?”

“Don't know. The gent is a lawyer, and he asked me if I was a good whistler, and I told him I was the best whistler on our street, and he said I would n't do. Guess he must want a reg'lar professional.”—New York Weekly.

**RHEUMATIC  
Sciatic Pains**

Rheumatic, Sciatic, Shooting, Sharp, and Muscular Pains and Weaknesses, Back Ache, Utterine and Chest pains, relieved in one minute by the **Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster** and only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster. 25 cents; 5 for \$1. At druggists, or of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

A NEW FEATURE  
FOR THIS SEASON.

CHOICE OF DOMESTIC FABRICS.  
CASSIMERES, CHEVIOTS, etc.,

FOR BUSINESS SUITS,  
TO ORDER, FROM \$18.00.

FINEST LINE OF FOREIGN  
WIDE OR NARROW WADE DIAGONALS,  
CORKSCREWS, FANCY IVORSTEDS, etc.,  
for DRESS SUITS.  
TO ORDER, FROM \$20.00.  
Samples and self-measurement rules mailed on application.

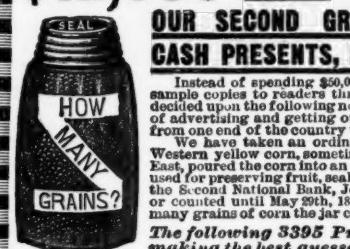
*Nicoll*  
the Tailor.

145 & 147 BOWERY, and  
771 BROADWAY, COR. 9TH STREET, N. Y.

ALL FREE! Ladies' book of Fancy work, 150 new crazy Stitches, 25 Fancy Patterns, 1 doz. Fringed Napkins, (6 white, 6 red), 5 Curious Puzzles, with our Paper 3 months on trial, for 12 cents. **YOUTH**, Boston, Mass.

\$12,000 IN CASH GIVEN TO Subscribers!

OUR SECOND GRAND AWARD OF  
CASH PRESENTS, MAY 29th, 1889.



Instead of spending \$20,000 this year in giving away sample copies to readers throughout the U. S., we have decided upon the following novel contest for the purpose of advertising and getting our publication talked about from one end of the country to the other.

We have taken an ordinary quart measure, filled it with Western yellow corn, sometimes called horse tooth corn in the West, so that it may hold exactly a quart full. This jar is used for preserving fruits, sealed it carefully and deposited it with the Second National Bank, Jersey City. It cannot be opened nor counted until May 29th, 1889, and no person now knows how many grains of corn the jar contains.

The following 3395 Presents will be GIVEN to the 3395 persons making the best guesses of the number of grains the jar contains:

1 present to the Subscriber guessing the correct number,	•	\$2,500
1 present to the Subscriber guessing next best guess,	•	1,500
1 present to the Subscriber guessing the next best guess,	•	750
1 present to the Subscriber guessing the next best guess,	•	500
5 presents to the 5 Subscribers making next best guess, \$100 each,	•	250
10 presents to the 10 Subscribers making next best guess, 50 each,	•	500
20 presents to the 20 Subscribers making next best guess, 25 each,	•	500
50 presents to the 50 Subscribers making next best guess, 10 each,	•	500
100 presents to the 100 Subscribers making next best guess, 5 each,	•	500
200 presents to the 200 Subscribers making next best guess, 2.50 each,	•	500
500 presents to the 500 Subscribers making next best guess, 2 each,	•	1,000
2,500 presents to the 2,500 Subscribers making next best guess, 1 each,	•	2,500

3,395 Presents, Amounting to \$12,000

SEND YOUR GUESS with name and address plainly written on a piece of paper the size of a postal card, and it will be recorded on our books at once. No charge is made for the guess, but in order to introduce our old and well established publication, THE AMERICAN FIRESIDE AND FARM into new homes, we require that each one answering this and sending a guess shall become a subscriber to our publication for at least six months, and send us 50 cents in postage paid, note or silver, 50 cents in postage paid, note or silver, and two dollars in postage paid, note or silver, for a two years' subscription, which entitles the subscriber to FOUR GUESSES.

The Jar will be opened and grains counted May 29th, 1889, by a committee chosen by the subscribers. All presents will be paid in checks on above Bank, and all names and addresses published in JUNE NUMBER.

Should no one guess the correct number, then the one guessing nearest will receive the first present of \$2,500. Should two or more persons guess the correct number, then the one whose guess is first received will receive the \$2,500, and the next the \$1,500, and so on.

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION FREE! For Club of Ten and \$5.00, we will send one extra Subscription. For a Club of twenty and \$10.00, we will send two extra Subscriptions. For a Club of forty and \$20.00, we will send four extra Subscriptions. The CLUB is entitled to two ADDITIONAL EXTRA GUESSES for each extra Subscription, and to all the cash collected for the extra subscriptions.

\$12,000 CASH. Giving presents will be found in the March number. We now have one hundred thousand subscribers, and want and expect to have double that number before May 29th. We therefore make this SECOND GRAND OFFER OF \$12,000 IN CASH PRESENTS.

THE AMERICAN FIRESIDE AND FARM

is one of the largest, handsomest and best publications issued from New Jersey. It contains sixteen large pages, 44 columns, completely filled with newest and choicest reading for every member of every American home. The subscription price has been reduced to only 50 cents a year. We have been so long before the public that it ought to be a sufficient guarantee that we will do as we agree. If we are unknown to you, any bank, commercial agency or publisher in J. will tell you who we are. Money may be sent by Postal Note, Registered Letter, or P. O. Order. Address: THE AMERICAN FIRESIDE AND FARM, Weldon Building, Montgomery St., Jersey City, N. J.

SHOW THIS TO YOUR FRIENDS; SECURE A CLUB. IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

572



**FREE** Solid Gold Watch. Sold for \$100, until lately. Best \$50 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. **W. M. STINSON & CO.**, Box 756, Portland, Maine.



WEATHER REPORT — A thunder clap.—*Boston Com'l Bulletin*.

An intermittent ache is like a serial story—continued next tweak.—*Boston Courier*.

"VEGETARIANS MEET" is the queer head line in a Western paper.—*Boston Com'l Bulletin*.

For wounds, whether incised or contused, Salvation Oil is the best remedy. 25 cents. The year has four seasons, during all of which keep on hand Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

### The Social Season.

During the season in London, Beecham's Pills are held in high regard. The exactions of social life, the strain consequent upon late hours, late suppers, and the indulgence of rich and highly seasoned food, all combine to leave the system in a debilitated condition and the stomach in a state bordering on frenzy, if we may use the expression. Beecham's Pills, however, taken regularly, have a soothing effect on the stomach and the digestive organs. Their result is *immediate*. A few doses will restore lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and give health, strength and energy to the whole human frame.

### SPECIAL.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly *restore females* to complete health. For a

## WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER;

they ACT LIKE MAGIC:—*a few doses* will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSE-BUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who (if your druggist does not keep them,) Will Mail BEECHAM'S PILLS on Receipt of Price, 25 Cents a Box. — But Inquire First.



Established 1865.  
**WILLIAM ROEMER,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
Trunks and Traveling Bags  
No. 82 Fifth Avenue,  
cor. 14th St., N. Y.  
The largest assortment in the  
city. 423

## MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Only Genuine System of Memory Training. Four Books Learned in one reading. Mind wandering cured. Every Child and Adult greatly benefitted. Taught personally by Government Officers. Recommended with unanimous voice by W. A. Hammond, the world-famed Specialist in Mind Diseases, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, the great Psychologist, J. M. Buckley, D. D., Editor of the Christian Advocate, Richard Proctor, the Scientist, Hon. Judge Gibson, Judah P. Benjamin, and others, sent post free by Prof. A. LOINETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

*Arnold,  
Constable & Co.  
INDIA PONGEES,  
CORAHS.*

New and unique in design and color.  
These celebrated SILK FABRICS are unexcelled for durability and WEAR.

Broadway & 19th st.  
New York.



**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists. \*342

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C. F. GUNTHNER, Confectioner,  
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First Prize Medal, Vienna. 1872.  
**WEIS & CO.,**  
Manufacturers of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail, 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker Street, and Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes and Bowls made up in newest designs. Circular FREE. 259\*

Intending visitors are invited to write us for information.  
Special parties leave New York during May, June and July.  
**Thos. Cook & Son,**  
261-2 Broadway, N. Y. 574

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid*, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

**30 Shaves**

COLGATE & CO'S  
DEMULGENT  
SHAVING SOAP  
RICH, CREAMY.  
CLOSE LATHER.

for 2 Cents.

Send a two cent stamp to Colgate & Co., 55 John St., New York, who will mail you a sample of this superior soap sufficient to last a month,

SPRING, 1889.

WE INVITE INSPECTION OF OUR GRAND DISPLAY OF SPRING GOODS, WHICH BY FAR EXCEEDS ANY FORMER SEASON BY FULLY DOUBLE THE QUANTITY OF STYLES, COMPRISING THE CHOICEST HOME AND FOREIGN PRODUCTIONS.

SUITS MADE TO ORDER RANGING IN PRICES \$16, \$20, \$25, \$30, TROUSERS, \$4, \$5, \$6, \$7 AND \$8, AND SPRING OVERCOATS, SILK LINED, \$16, \$18, \$20, \$22 AND \$25.

WE OFFER NO GOODS THAT WE CANNOT WARRANT TO GIVE ENTIRE SATISFACTION, AND OUR ENDORSEMENT TO THAT EFFECT IS HANDED TO EVERY CUSTOMER.

SAMPLES, FASHION REVIEW, AND OUR SIMPLE GUIDE FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT SENT FREE ON APPLICATION, THUS ENABLING YOU TO ORDER BY MAIL AS SAFELY AS IF YOU WERE MEASURED IN OUR STORE.

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Mammoth Tailoring Establishment,  
BOWERY AND SPRING STREET,  
NEW YORK.



**THE ARMSTRONG**  
S. S. GENTLEMAN'S GARTER,  
Made Without Rubber.

The elasticity is given by Nickel-plated Brass Springs, like the well-known Duplex Ventilated Garter for Ladies, which has given such universal satisfaction, and are recommended by the Medical Fraternity as the only Garter to wear for Health and Comfort. The best Garter for either Hot or Cold Climate. For sale by all First class Dealers in Notions and Furnishings.

Sample Sent Post-Paid, on Receipt of 35 Cents, by 317  
The Armstrong Mfg. Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

IF YOU WANT BUSINESS.—Send for CATALOGUE of the best selling Illustrated Subscription Books. Good books. Large commissions. Freight Paid. J. A. & R. A. REID, Publrs, Providence, R. I. 558

Prints all our cards and labels. Circular press, \$8. Size for small newspaper, \$44. Rotary Jobber, 9x13, \$100. Full printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue presses, type, cards, etc., to factory, 535<sup>th</sup> KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

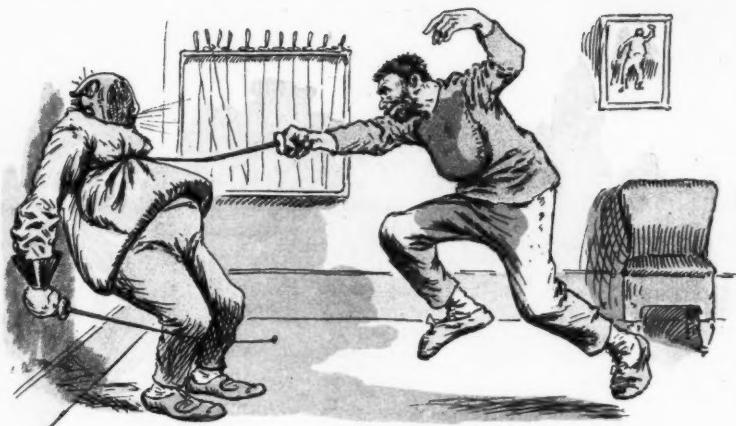
**SPRING STYLES!**  
ESPENSHEID'S  
Celebrated Hats.  
Salesrooms:  
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NEW YORK.  
N. B. Exclusive styles for young men. 573



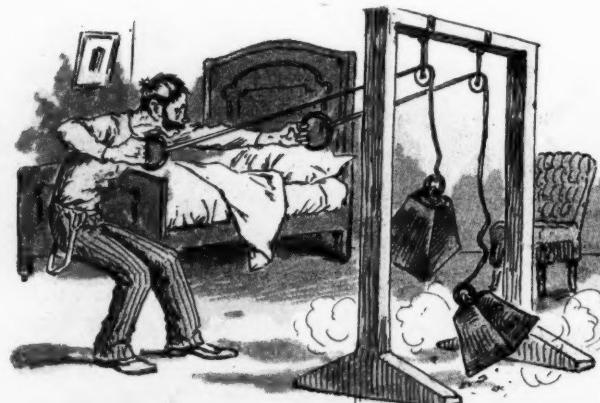
PUCK.



The delicate man, who firmly believes that he can only keep healthy by plunging into a tub of ice-cold water in a chilly bathroom, every morning.



The elderly gentleman, who thinks fencing is the only thing that will keep him in condition.



The poor deluded hypochondriac, who is convinced that being bruised, wrenched, and ferociously scraped with steel curry-combs, in a Turkish bath, will restore his health.



The dreaded early-rising crank, who fancies it is beneficial to get up at four o'clock in the morning and disturb everybody by taking gymnastic exercise.



The variegated victim of "health-foods," and other "health" inventions.



The lunatic who thinks his health requires him to sleep with his window wide open, even in the depth of winter.